

student review

feminism

Reel TalkNobody Does it Better

Gorgeous yellow leaves blow in the wind toward our heroine. The music swells. She turns to sing You think....

You are not watching Pocahontas but Madonna, another American Goddess. If you're feeling at all dissatisfied with the movies stay home and watch this remarkable new piece called You'll See. Madonna's videos have always been closer to cinema than music commercials. It's fitting then that this beginning seems like a direct lift from Disney's gorgeous film and quickly turns into a sequel to Madonna's greatest hit Take A Bow. The sequel, that tried and true staple of the cinema has been relatively underused in music video. As always Madonna forges ahead.

The irony of Take A Bow was that despite it being an enormous hit it could be read as the denouement of her career. "The show is over. Say goodbye.." Forget for a moment that's its a love song and read it as a the autobiographical tale of a great star and a unappreciative audience. After years of being labeled washed up, Madonna is no doubt a tad frustrated. So she renews herself in song. In Take A Bow the jilted heroine said goodbye to her fickle audience. In You'll See she reassess her own personal worth.

"You think that I can't live without your love, You'll see.

You think I have nothing without you by my side. You'll see somehow someday."

Watch the two videos back to back and it gets so clear. They perfectly juxtapose her desire to be loved (Take A Bow) and her strength to live without that adoration (You'll See). Check back in with her. For over a decade she's been relentlessly entertaining us and she shows no signs of artistic decay. You'll see... by Parlo

CINE-MATICS

Thomas: Have you ever had sex?

Isabelle: No.

Thomas: How can you be a nymphomaniac and never had sex?

Isabelle: I'm very choosy. What if I didn't like it?

Amazingly enough Isabelle, so am I.

I've often been curious about the paradoxes of humanity. The contradicting intricacies that make life so interesting and unpredictable. Religious people who are fanatical, insane creative people, sexually promiscuous people who are extremely shy, and the Melanie Griffith fan who has measurable intelligence are examples.

The ever so-cunning Hal Hartley's (The Unbelievable Truth, Ambition) new film Amateur tries to explore some of this idea of dualism and more in his 105 minute action-romp through the New York streets.

The story of Amateur focuses on Isabelle (Isabelle Huppert) from the quote above. She is :

- a) an ex-nun
- b) writes short stories for a pornographic magazine.

She gets involved with Thomas (Martin Donovan) who in the opening scene lies dead-like on a sidewalk wallowing in his own fluids. After waking up, he finds that he doesn't know his name or where he comes from. (You know, the classic film convention of amnesia.) He meets up with Isabelle, and the search is on for Thomas' real identity. As their search progresses, Isabelle suspects that Thomas' identity is somehow linked with a desperate but talented porn actress, Sofia (Elina Lowensohn). Before long, Isabelle, Thomas and Sofia are being trailed by brutal corporate assassins, who want nothing more than Thomas' head on a pointed spike. The rest of the story centers on the running away and ducking around corners action clichés that we all know, love, and never tire of for that matter. Will Thomas find his true identity? Will Isabelle get what she really wants? Will Sofia perform the naked lam-bada again for the world to admire? All these questions are answered and other questions just forgot about in this tale of ignorance and innocence. Hence Amateur.

If you forget about the basic premise to the whole movie, the sickening supporting performances by Jan Harding (waitress) and Benny Nieves (watch out Liz Berkeley, she might catch you for the worst actress award this year) and others, this is a pretty damn stylish film with some interesting photography and lighting choices. This film feels more like a European film than any American film has for years. It has visual flair, wit and an over-

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Hal Hartley on the set of Amateur



Heavenly Creatures

A Beginners Guide to Star Worship

hear anything you don't expect to.

The sad thing about this lethargy in audiences is that we have probably a greater array of on screen talent than we've ever had. Acting as it has moved from the silents, to the 40's melodrama, through the Method and on to today is the one thing about the movies that keeps getting better.

If you wish to participate or enjoy movies more, choose an actor to be obsessed with. The behind the scenes folk are usually too hard to spot. For all of you yelling "Scorsese, Allen, Tarantino...remember these are the exceptions, not the rule. Acting however is clearly for the masses. Herewith is a guide to star worship. Pick a favorite and run with it.

- 1. Pick a star, any star! Don't stretch too much if you've never attempted adulation before. Please don't pick Tom or Julia. Pick someone whom you've noticed or liked. For the sake of this article I shall pick Michelle Pfeiffer: Mainstream enough to be easy to follow, but talented enough to be worth following.

Amateur or how to be a nymphomaniac without first experiencing sex. Written and Directed by: Hal Hartley

I am eternally amazed at the laziness of the movie-going public when it comes to the star gazing..

Ask someone who their favorite actor and actresses are and you'll invariably hear the A+ star's names. Julia, Tom (Hanks or Cruise) , etc... Or you'll hear flavor of the year ubiquitous folk like Bullock or Brad Pitt. For people who feel like film buffs you may hear Brando, Bogart, Dean or Monroe. But you will rarely whoever you ask,

- 2. Fixate! Pick a moment where the said star captivated you and use it as your reference point. Work outward from there. For example with Michelle, I could pick a number of things. There's the piano top in "Fabulous Baker Boys", there's anything and everything about Catwoman. Don't be ashamed to pick a famous moment but be wary, Julia did laugh

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Home for the Holidays:

or How I laughed, I cried, and watched a cat cough up a hairball.

Directed: Jodie Foster

Written by: W.D. Richter, based upon a short story by Chris Radant

You all remember Avalon don't you? It's that 1990 Barry Levinson film that nobody bothered to see in the theater. There is a great Thanksgiving scene in Avalon and Home for the Holidays is Avalon on angel dust. This is the post-modern family Thanksgiving story, told with roving camera and fast-paced humor courtesy of actor/director Jodie Foster (Little Man Tate). Foster succeeds in creating a romantic comedy without the requisite ton o' warm fuzzies, but not without the help of a great cast.

The funny thing is that the great cast isn't so great as the supporting cast. Much of the story focuses on the characters of Holly Hunter (charmin' and cute as ever), Robert Downey, Jr. (more on him later), and Dylan McDermot (or was that Dermot Mulroney? I never can tell.). However, the show stealers with the two funniest scenes are Charles Durning and Geraldine Chapman

(granddaughter of the guy that made all of those silent, black and white movies). Charles plays Henry Larson, the patriarch of this twisted family, and his prayer over the food is not exactly orthodox. Geraldine Chapman, who played the crazy mother to Robert Downey Jr.'s Charles Chaplin, in Chaplin, plays crazy Aunt Gladys. Crazy Aunt Gladys has a secret crush on Charles Durning, and chooses to announce her feelings over Thanksgiving dinner--she also gives away lamps to the principle characters. The other scene-stealer is 16 year-old Claire Danes (ooh, sometimes I wish I was 16 again!) playing Holly Hunter's daughter. As she drops Mom off at the airport, she casually remembers to inform Mom that she is planning on losin' it that weekend ("Oh yeah, Mom, me and Billy Ray, this weekend in your Buick . . . have a nice time at Grandma's").

I never thought Robert Downey Jr. could act, but if you've seen Chaplin or this film, you will learn. He is natural (hmm . . .) and hilarious playing the gay brother, Tommy. Which reminds me, have you seen My Own Private Idaho? I have a major problem with Keanu Reeves trying to play anyone but Ted (just check out Much Ado About Nothing or Bram Stoker's Dracula. Ugh!), but he is brilliant (I mean it! Really!) in Gus Van Sant's drug/street hustler picture. Just goes to show that actors can almost always surprise you with a pleasant performance (Attention Patrick Swayze: We are still waiting).

I can't tell whether I am recommending this movie or not. I recommend seeing it with some reservation. If you, in all of your collegiate glory, have ever felt that your parents treat you like you were two (when my parents call we talk about what I'm eating,

how much I'm sleeping, and whether I have an adequately satisfying social life), then you will definitely identify with the hip young'ins in this film. Unfortunately, the movie falls into a formulaic romance plot at the conclusion that is less than convincing. It's almost as if the family comedy wasn't enough, so they threw in a romantic plot to pull in a wider audience. Fortunately, the story moves quickly and is inter-

esting throughout. The film is subdivided into chapters (e.g., Father, Dad, The Birds, and even The P-

See, Don't See

See

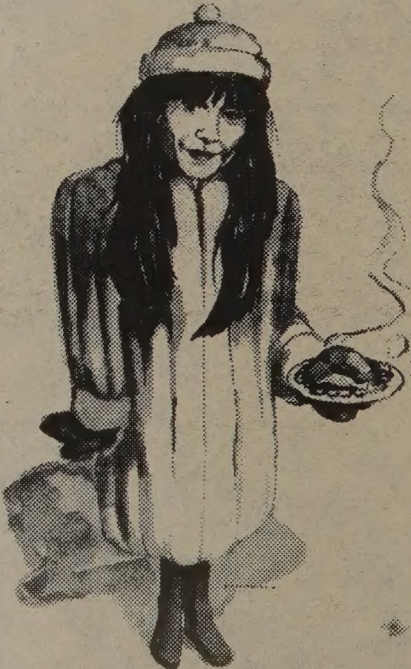
- 1. Beyond the Valley of the Dolls
- 2. Edward Scissorhands
- 3. Café Automatic Lait
- 4. Fist In His Pockets (1966)
- 5. Orlando

Don't See

- 1. The Valley of the Dolls
- 2. Powder
- 3. Milk Money
- 4. Spanking the Monkey
- 5. Miami Rhapsody

are sure not to miss it. Careful!)

I feel somewhat responsible for the \$4 that will spend on this film, and I hope that I've given you enough of a road map so that you can make a satisfying decision. Home for the Holidays is the money for the pleasure of watching a chaotic comedy about common familial foibles. Just piss and moan thinking that I told you that this was a perfect movie, or that I didn't warn you about the final 10 minutes. I wouldn't be surprised if Robert Downey, Jr. receives a nod for Best Supporting Actor come Oscar time (and no, this isn't an official forecast, just a maybe). If you aren't from a Stepford family, then take a break, spend some cash (hey, I went and I have \$5 for food this month!), and have a laugh at morbid and pop - Scott Wool



Nat Rogers

Quotables

"... And, Nietzsche with his theory of eternal recurrence. He said that the life we live we're going to live over and over again the exact same way for eternity. Great. That means I'll have to sit through the icecapades again. It's not worth it." -Woody Allen as Mickey in Hannah and Her Sisters

A Real Life Intersection:

Mormonism and Feminism

When the Webster New World Dictionary defines feminism as "the principle that woman should have political, economic, and social rights equal to those of men," one might question if this definition is meant to extend into the domain of religion. Should women have religious rights equal to those of men? Rights that allow men and women to hold the same positions within their religion? In the standing structure of the LDS church, women do not hold the authority—the priesthood—to officiate in certain positions that men are called to, i.e. prophet, bishop, elder's quorum president. Technically then, in terms of the definition of feminism, women in the LDS church do not have certain "rights equal to those of men". This very concept proposes a challenge to the Mormon feminist.

Believing in Mormonism and being a feminist is a challenge of reconciling ideologies. The Mormon feminist must find the gray area where the black and white of the domains of her Mormon and feminist beliefs intersect. The intersection is possible and can be illustrated by three women of our day—all LDS women and all have been or are currently involved with the BYU administration.

The first woman, Dr. Eileen Bunderson, is a female professor of Instructional Science at BYU. Bunderson was born into the LDS church and has stayed true to her religion through the rise of her feminist beliefs. In the 50's and 60's she found herself presented with a choice of roles as a woman in the American society. Where culture presented her with the option to focus wholly on marrying and staying at home to rear her children, the upheaval of the day presented her with the option of adding another dimension to the woman, as it is depicted in American culture. Bunderson chose to, in her words, "buy out of culture's choices" and has ever since been building on dimensions—adding to that dimension of a wife and mother the dimension of a professor.

Synthesizing life's experiences as a wife, mother, environmentalist, feminist and Mormon, Bunderson has formed her own definitions of feminism and Mormonism. Feminism she defines as "a philosophy involving opportunity and support that enables women to recognize the full extent of all her talents and abilities." She defines Mormonism as the religion of one "who has fully internalized the gospel of Jesus Christ as taught in the Book of Mormon and the New Testament [by] Jesus Christ and inspired words of prophets." With these definitions, Bunderson, has found an intersection of two domains. She said the feminist belief, in light of Mormonism, is the belief in the potential and eternal nature of all people, a belief that she believes to comply with the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Bunderson lives by these teachings. When interpretations are made of Christ's teachings by the LDS church which thwart women, Bunderson is able to stay within the intersection of the two domains and regard such interpreta-

tions as just that—interpretations, not doctrine. Dr. Sally Taylor is another woman with views on Mormonism and feminism and currently associated with BYU is English professor. Taylor does not label herself as a feminist, but she is nevertheless, a strong advocate of Mormon women issues. Issues like women in the home, women struggling with depression, women in the work place struggling for equal treatment and women with self image problems—striving to feel good about who they are and what they do are all of "vital concern" to Taylor.

She has found an intersection in the domain of these concerns for women and Mormon beliefs. Taylor used imagery to illustrate the intersection. She said the center of the woman is a daughter of God, and from that center all other aspects and roles of a woman extend, even the role of advocating women's rights.

Taylor's intersection of Mormon and women beliefs trusts in the Lord and the authorities of the LDS church and focuses on the treatment of women as people. This intersection of beliefs has been brought about in part by associations with several general authorities of the LDS church. Taylor said, "to the general authorities me as a person is more important than me as a woman. I have never seen a conflict with the church and the rights of women."

On the other hand, Margie McEntire, a former BYU administrator, has seen conflict between reli-

“I’ve learned to live with ambiguity,” said McEntire, “[My feminist beliefs] have never shaken my testimony.”

gious and feminist beliefs, but has still been able to find an intersection of the two domains. One conflict occurred when she worked with the BYU administration twenty years ago. While working in what she called "a religious environment" she became pregnant. Assuming she would be leaving, authorities opened her job for availability, although she never had any intention of leaving. Regarding this experience, McEntire said "I realized society is deeply imbedded with assumptions."

The other administrators assumed that because McEntire would soon be a mother, she would be leaving her job. McEntire found some ambiguity in this experience. The actions of the employers, also members of the LDS church, pressed onto McEntire their own meaning of a woman who is pregnant—a woman that does not work. To McEntire, just being pregnant did not mean she didn't work. She chose to live up to her own meaning and continued to work. Making her own meaning of experiences that may challenge her equal treatment have enabled McEntire to continue as a faithful member of the LDS church. "I've learned to live with ambiguity," said McEntire, "[My feminist beliefs] have never shaken my testimony."

Three LDS women have found an intersection between the two domains of what it means to be a Mormon and what it means to be a feminist through accepting the ambiguities, having a center as a daughter of God, and underlying one's life with the teachings of equality taught by Jesus Christ.

by: Amy Lowman

Bride Burning

A True Story

I felt a bit sorry for myself as I waited, with a bit of discomfort, for someone who wasn't going to show up. I put my History of Civ book away and walked around the corner to my Anthropology class.

We watched a film about dowry problems and bride burning and I thought back to my mission....

On the first day in my last area, my companion and I rode to the house of one Anthony Joseph family. We were excited to teach them. They had committed to be baptized and seemed truly interested. Yet as I reached down to lock my bicycle, I had a strong feeling that we wouldn't teach a discussion that day.

I looked up and saw my companion talking to a small, lean man with graying hair. He was tense and he retreated into his home quickly. My companion followed him inside. I hurried behind. I smiled reassuringly at Brother Joseph and reached out to shake his hand. He raised his arms, revealing massive blisters all over his hands. If I hadn't already been exposed to lepers and limbless beggars for eighteen months, I probably would have gagged. As it was, I looked away and apologized.

We had never met before, but since he was familiar with my companion and we were holy men, he explained openly...

The stench was terrible. Burnt flesh is horrible. The poor women. I didn't cry then, but I have since.

"This morning I was preparing the children to go to school. I heard my wife screaming from the kitchen. There was smoke everywhere. I ran to the kitchen. My wife had poured kerosene all over herself. She was burning. I tried to put her out. Look at my hands."

Sitting next to us, the children testified of the truth of his story. The skin on the back of his hands was dark brown, swollen with fluid. His fingers were useless, all burned.

"I don't know why she did this."

My companion picked up the youngest child, a lovely little girl who never spoke the whole time I knew her. All three children had watched their mother burn.

We all crowded into an autorickshaw and rode across town to Mahatma Gandhi Hospital, where the people who couldn't afford to pay for medical care went. To my surprise there was an entire ward dedicated to burned women. For some reason there were always policemen around that ward.

Sister Joseph lay in a large hall on a cot with a canopy covering her body up to her chin. We removed our shoes outside and entered timidly—this was a women's ward and some of them weren't covered. The stench was terrible. Burnt flesh is horrible. The poor women. I didn't cry then, but I have since.

Joseph repeatedly asked her why she had burned herself. She only responded that she hurt everywhere. She was thirsty. I was silent. The children stared blankly at their mother's face.

My companion and I gave her a blessing. We sang to her and prayed together. I shared a scripture. What else can you do?

We left that night, but stayed in close contact with the family. We went back to visit Sister Joseph in the burn ward. (No one stopped us because we were her ministers.) We found a member who could stay with the children at night, so that Brother Joseph could go to the Hospital. He had to sit outside of the ward because men were not generally welcome for extended periods of time, especially at night. He would give money to one of the women who waited outside for such cases and she would care for his wife. We prayed and had we been different, perhaps we would have cried. As it was, we just mourned quietly. And we kept working.

That weekend I burned my thumb on the iron. As I bit my tongue lest something unrighteous escape my lips, I looked down at my hand. I ran cool water ran over the burn. It would later form a blister. It hurt. I remembered sister Joseph. "It burns. It burns everywhere. I'm thirsty."

A week later her family found out. Joseph had been unwilling to inform them. Bad relations. Things were tense.

Soon thereafter my companion and I rode to Joseph's house. He wasn't there. His oldest son told us that his mother's brothers had taken him from the house and beaten him in the street. Then they took him away. The boy didn't know where. I stood in the street looking at the dust and gravel and wondered at the visions locked in the minds of the children.

We rode to the Hospital to visit our dear sister. She had been getting better. I wondered at how such a quiet, kind woman had found herself in such torture. It only took a moment to pour the kerosene. It only took a second to light the match. But how long would this tiny woman regret those moments?

We removed our shoes and entered the ward. Sister Joseph wasn't there.

After questioning several of the nurses, we found out that her funeral would be in an hour in the Catholic cemetery. We hurried out and cycled through Monda Market, past the railway station, around the bus complex, out toward Mettaguda to the Catholic cemetery in South Lalaguda. We were among the first to arrive.

Sister Joseph's family arrived together, along with a tiny ambulance that carried her body. They had brought the children. My companion and I stood back, away from the grave and the ceremony, not wanting to intrude. I balanced myself between two of the mounds that littered the cemetery, some with crosses or headstones, others unmarked, trying not to step on any graves. The priest prayed and blessed the body. The mourners repeated their sections. The children looked on. And the gravediggers shoveled dirt out of a four foot hole.

The ceremony was short. Mourners began filing past the open casket. I pressed forward to say good-bye...

Sister Joseph was a frail, tiny woman. Her casket was scarcely five feet long. She had poured the kerosene over her chest and legs. The flames had burned upward searing her neck, chin, the bottom of her nose, and her cheeks. In death her skin turned pale white, and the burned portions became dark. She lay in a white dress, her face white, her eyes, nose and cheeks black. She looked like she had been dead a long time, but it had been less than a day. Her face was like a skull.

I looked around. The women wept. The three children stood surrounded, but alone. Silent, Confused, I turned and wound my way through the burial mounds, back to my companion.

Before she died, Sister Joseph had changed her police statement. She said that Joseph had beaten her for nine years. She said that she had to do it, that he tortured her. Joseph went to jail. The children lived with their mother's parents. We stayed in contact for a time. They seemed a bit happier. But the situation was bad and two foreign missionaries couldn't do much. Eventually we had to stop visiting them.

Months later, I saw Joseph on the road. He walked past me then turned around and stood in front of me. His hands had healed. His hair was grayer. He was hollow and dark.

I commented on his hands.

He looked down then told me that we had been the cause of his problems, with our new gospel and our other book. We had taken everything from him. He had not killed his wife.

He told me that I would be a beggar in the streets, that I would be a drooling dog, that I would die a nobody. He went on and on.

At last he left. I watched him go and realized that he had prophesied truthfully, but not of me. He had lost everything. He was scarcely more than a beggar... a dark, loathsome creature.

So it is.... Joseph didn't light the match that burned his wife, but he spent nine years pouring the kerosene.

I cried that day in my Anthropology class. I cried for sister Joseph and the children and all those who suffer. Buddha said that life was suffering. Sometimes I wonder.

I once approached a depressed friend, a lovely young woman with a son and no husband. I asked her what was wrong. She said, "I just want a perfect life like everyone else." "Not everyone's life is perfect," I replied. She looked into my eyes and said, "Like you." I had no response.

I try not to be as sorry for myself anymore. I try to relieve suffering when I can. I try to mourn when I can't.

Blessed are the poor in spirit...

Blessed are they that mourn...

Blessed are the meek...

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness...

Blessed are the merciful...

Blessed are the pure in heart...

Blessed they who are persecuted for righteousness sake...

Blessed are ye...

by Ian Christopher Wendi

CAMPUS LIFE

The Byu Index

1. Number of advertisements for diamond engagement rings in the Daily Universe: 3.
2. Number of advertisements for guys trying to sell their engagement rings on the board downstairs in the Wilk: 2.
3. Average number of weeks it takes average female sophomore to get engaged after the first date: 8.
4. Average number of dozen of chocolate chip cookies baked and left on beloved's doorstep during that time: 3.
5. Number of tickets given in a single day by BYU Traffic office (as reported by Officer Reynolds): 427.
6. Number of appeals handled by the traffic office in a single day: 129.
7. Average number of navajo tacos sold in the Cougareat per hour: 7.
8. Average number of chicken soft tacos sold per hour: 18.
9. Average number of red lights hit driving up East Campus Dr.: 4.
10. Number of white bows worn in 142nd ward Relief Society last week: 0.
11. Number of grounds crew employees circled around a small pile of leaves in the checkerboard quad: 9.
12. Number of those employees who wielded tools: 4 (2 rakes and 2 Walkie Talkies).
13. Number of grounds crew employees sitting in the back of a nearby truck chuck full of leaves sifting through them and throwing out little sticks: 1.
14. Average number of times per eight hour shift that those door guards in the HBLL Library smile and nod at a passerby: 428.
15. Average number of times they lean below the desk to pick their nose: 2.
16. Approximate number of professors in the Math Department that, contrary to what everyone thought, don't really have a PhD: 1.
17. Percent of those who are the highest paid in the Math Department: 100.
18. Approximate number of ugly yellow bricks used to build the new Benson Building: 22,000.
19. Approximate number of ugly yellow bricks needed to completely enclose ten average size gazelles: 1400.
20. Number of Gazelle's accidentally shot during deer hunt: 0

Thm & Ther's Cereal O' the Week Give in to Temptations?

A new Kelloggs cereal is gracing the aisles of your local grocery store. "An adventure in taste" could be nothing but the savory flavor of French Vanilla Almond Temptations cereal. We first encountered this "little guy" while conducting a cereal survey. *Newman, one of our surveyees, claimed French Vanilla Almond Temptations is his reigning favorite. Speaking of "little guy"-the box is small but packs a real aromatic punch. Then again, you know what they say about the size of your cereal box...

These were our findings:

Description	Sweet flakes with almond slivers & wee French vanilla nuggets
Aroma	Divine
Tastes great?	Yes, if taken in small quantities (Tip: mix with corn flakes for a less sweetened effect)
Less filling?	No, more filling
Crispiness	Exists
Stays crunchy in milk?	Yup
Fat content	2 grams per 3/4 cup
Sweetness	A little extensive (a wee too much for Ther)
Cost	Wee box, big price
Comments	Sure do like the nuggets...but throw in a few more eh?

Stay tuned for more Thm & Ther's Cereal O' the Week...

Next month's begins with an S...

*Names have been changed to protect the gnomes involved. Any coalition between characters and real, live little people is purely coincidental.

When nature bellows a beckoning to even the most brawny of bladders, she calls loudly and urgently and with force exceeding great. She is no respecter of persons, but is known for her horrific rage against those whose access to a commode is painfully limited. Those of us inclined to the 64 oz special soda right before a timed mid-term understand the pain it is to sin against nature. Those of us who shrug off the "next services 100 miles" sign on our way across southern Utah know the bitter and unforgivable betrayal of our bowels. Even they who are the most faithful and yielding to nature's admonitions are tried and tested. When ya gotta go, ya gotta go.

Fortunately, most every public building is equipped with the facilities of repentance. Unfortunately, repentance involves a cold seat and intimate acquaintance with the inside of a barn-like stall. Nature has prepared a way by which we can cleanse ourselves quickly, conveniently, privately, and not-so-privately. A team of potty professionals in the Family Science Department has determined that BYU students will spend a good two-thirds of their undergraduate years answering nature's call between classes in cold, dark stalls, without Reader's Digest.

BYU Bathrooms: Where to go when you've got to go

They say that these unpleasant latreenal sojourns are indirectly responsible for depression, homicidal tendencies, internet pornography violations, and malicious corner cutting. SR's own team of excrement experts have devised a working guide of a few campus commodes for your lavatory luxury. More pleasant bathroom experiences mean a more productive community, which in turn means we could be well on our way to Zion.

Tanner Building. This frigid, architectural blight offers its business students nothing more than four gray, average-height stalls, gray checkerboard tiles, and gray walls. The color scheme makes for a gloomy poop. Although noticeably fragrant, sparkly clean, and equipped with technology's finest in aerodynamically arched seats, the whole scene is miserably dreary. Those who frequent the Tanner Building would do better to hold the hankering than to subject themselves to this toilet trauma.

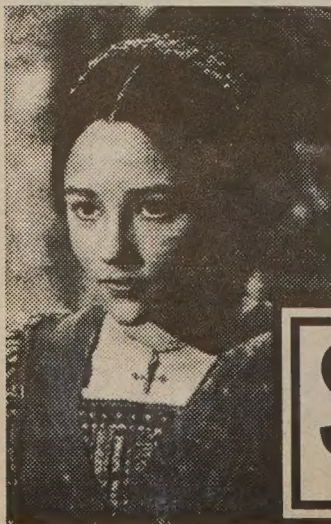
Brimhall Building. If you and your fiance are unworthy to marry in the temple, you should opt, and opt happily, for the Brimhall Building bathroom ceremony. There are two ceiling-high mirrors placed strategically on opposite walls so that as you are drying your hands you can gaze far into eternity. Hues of telestial gray mingle with squares of celestial white in a checkerboard pattern across the floor. Your inactive uncle can attend the ceremony, too, and there's plenty of tissue for those special bowel-moving moments.

Ezra Taft Benson Building. The Hankering Heaven. Eleven stalls. Electric green hand soap-lathers quickly, rinses cleanly. Freshly oiled towel dispensers. Height-friendly urinals (five

in count for the big boys, one for the little guys). Still, the summation of all this extravagance, including the moose-eared faucets, doesn't achieve that certain family-home evening feel-good fervor. The multitude of stalls makes for an industrial strength sensation. The stalls are small and the seats are cold. Although shiny and sure to prevent unsightly indentations, the contoured-plus seats are not fanny-friendly, and therefore unfit for serious relief. However, while roaming one of the south halls in architectural survey (ever notice that bathrooms are always balanced on opposite walls or side by side? Somehow, somewhere there has to be bathroom imbalance) our excrement experts did find a terrific treasure-the co-ed handicapped private potty. Not only is there equipment for all potty needs, but there are also generously stocked feminine items, a baby-changing station, and two electrical outlets. You can charge your batteries while you go booboo. For all of you computer folk, the basement of the Talmage building also features the finest in luxury private one-user bathrooms. Full -length mirrors, automatic lighting, and no handle automatic faucets are all the rage at this fine pit stop.

Widtsoe Building. The Derriere's Delight or The Pooping Parace. Upon entry into this magical wonderland, the bowels burst in jubilant jubilation. The walls boast bricks of cosmic yellow and ocean aqua, and the stalls stand stoutly in okra green. Every bathroom on each of the nine floors is furnished with a honeymoon suite. Each alcove is outfitted with a twin-size vinyl-covered mattress on a sturdy steel bed frame. The mattresses range in color from October orange to bed-time boogie brown, and range in comfort from first-love fluffiness to the genius spring supreme. The floors are speckled in psychedelic gold-a tasteful release from the grid system-and all necessities, including complimentary courtesy bags, are neatly supplied. A sign reading "Please take off shoes before laying in bed" mounts each love nest. In order for male readers to savor ecstasy-ridden hours pumping up their beauty sleep, you'll have to defy traditional bathroom social norms. However, the eighth floor little girls room is rarely inhabited by the female gender, so you ought to find at least a couple hours of privacy before a science babe demands you share the orange vinyl haven.

We hope you have all enjoyed our enchanting traipsing from human excrement hell all the way up to the celestial lavatory of love. Please use our counsel to make all those li'l moments momentarily exciting and positively enriching. Any complaints ought to be directed to the psychology department. They probably can find no better way to cast away all inner conflict than by encouraging all to enjoy a good poop. by Heather B. Hamilton



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NOISE

fugazi

I'm up really close, but kinda off to one side, so I can only see Guy sometimes, but I can always see Ian. He's up on the mic and he's playing really hard. There's this one bead of sweat dangling from the tip of his nose, waiting to drop- and when it does, another will take its place. He brings his mouth up to the mic, and as he screams, a spray of saliva shoots into the crowd as the big vein in his forehead pops out, and his face grows redder.

There are few bands that have been together for so long and who still play like they mean it. There's a difference between simply putting energy into your playing and getting completely lost in your playing. While I watched, I could feel that this really was their life. They ARE Fugazi. They remember writing the songs and how they felt. You can see that on their faces. Especially Ian. He kept looking out into the crowd with this bewilderment. Knowing full well what they came to see, he was frightened by them, and frightened for them.

Stella Brass from SLC opened for them. I was impressed, and favorably at that. They were good—more than listenable. And when God Is My Co-pilot came out and had played one song, the people behind me were cheering for Stella Brass to come back out. The crowd hated GIMC. Hardly any applause, and if so, only by courtesy. They played much longer than they were listened to, and most of the cheering was done when the lights came on after their set. It bit.

When Fugazi took the stage, Ian opened the show with his usual lecture. A much needed one for every crowd. He said his usual piece: please don't fight and please don't be jerks. He asked the crowd not to mosh and not to crowd surf, mostly because those are dumb things. However, as soon as they started playing, two people were carried across the crowd and dropped. What did you say, Ian?

They played hard and long and then came out for encore, as usual. There was a fight scene after which Ian stopped the music to chew some jerks out, as usual. But this time, he seemed really outraged, and Guy even said something: "You know, you guys are seriously weak." Gee, Guy hardly says anything. When Ian said his piece to the crowd on the fight, a lone voice in the back of the room was heard, "F*#@ you, Ian!!" and Ian said, "Well, F*#@ you too, sir." He then proceeded to say that in all his years with Fugazi and touring, that no one had ever said that to him before, and that it was like a dagger in his heart. The band picked it up where they left off and they kicked the rest of the set, and left.

I felt so bad that there were so many jerks. After the show I got to talk to Guy, and when I said that I was sorry about the incident with the jerks, he said, "Yeah, they're bound to show up." When my friend Jen talked to Ian, she apologized to him as well, and his response was, "Did you create them?" and when she said no, he said, "then don't apologize."

All things aside, the show rocked. They played a great variety of songs from all their albums. They missed a lot of my personal favorites (we'll have to consult next time), but it was a lot of strong stuff. It's good to see them play live, because it's really better. Not all bands sound as good (or better) live as they do recorded. Not only that, but they screw around and do funky stuff to their songs when they're on stage. I could tell when Ian was just screwing around and saying to himself, "yeah, this sounds cool." And it did. The show was incredible, but nothing unusual for these guys. If you missed it again this time around, they will probably be back, but with Fugazi, that's not guaranteed. *by melanee hunt*

Continued from previous page

beautifully in "Pretty Woman" and Demi cried sensationally in "Ghost" and Tom can smile, but what else have they ever done to deserve your their immense careers or your adoration? Undeserving celebrities have built whole careers out of fluke unforgettable moments. It has even be said that Melanie Griffith once gave a fine performance. Which brings us to our next step.

3. Watch more films. The more films you watch the better taste you'll have. I guarantee it. You'll be able to spot unworthy icons much quicker. Worthy movie stars will never bore you and you'll keep getting good stuff from them. Also, if you're lazy an obsession will insure that you see at least one or two movies every year.

4. Re-evaluate! If after a few more films you still only love the star for the original reason pick a new star. But if you're discovering new things and are still intrigued, continue. You've got yourself a live one. A perfect example of this is Antonio Banderas, if you've recently discovered him, you haven't seen anything yet. His Spanish Films are much more interesting. And back to Pfeiffer, for a moment. Catwoman is a remarkable thing but there is so much more to her career. Keep watching and you'll see she has a sense of humor, an astonishing singing voice, and dialect abilities to rival miss Streep.

5. Get involved in their career! This may sounds scary but this is actually loads of fun for the advanced fans. Fantasize about what films you'd like them to make, watch for them at the Oscars, glory in their successes, cry over their failures. Pretend you're in high school and decorate something akin to a locker with photos of them. Refer to them by their first name in conversations, love the people they love. (Cher is one of Pfeiffer's best friends.) Love them enough to go to the theater even if Melanie Griffith is their co-star.

6. Share! If you love your star, don't keep it to yourself. Spread the word. Ask golden questions. "Say, how much do you know about Michelle Pfeiffer?"

If you've gotten to this point in the article I assume that your open to my suggestions. I'd love to explore in detail my fascination, love, and rewarding relationships with Juliette, Isabel, Warren, Uma, Victoria, Leonardo, Mimi, Dermot, David, River, Illeana, Dianne, Richard, Judy, Ralph, Emmanuelle, to name but a few, but I'm out of time. I envy you if you're just beginning your fandom. There are so many stars just waiting to be discovered. But remember keep it simple at first. The stars of the cinematic heavens are an addicting bunch. Look what they've done to me. *by Nat Rogers*

Continued from previous page

whelming sense of style. It sort of like a cross between The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover, Desperately Seeking Susan and Smoke. (If you haven't seen these films, you've missed out). But even as Joel Schumacher (Batman Forever, The Wiz) has proved time and time again that spectacle doesn't win out over story, so too does this film wallow in its own cinematic bi-products. A bloody shame if you ask me.

Overall, this movie is only for those people who like laughing out loud at archetypal old ladies getting run over by busses while crossing the street, but still find compassion enough to feed a starving kitty. (Its that duality thing.) **-Turk X. Robinson**

Dance Hall Crashin' Tonight

Only a few people were gathered inside the Salt Lake DV8 before the Qualitones opened. A majority of those who came out to see the Dance Hall Crashers were teenage girls all spiffed up in their "going to DHC show" attire. The Qualitones came out announcing to the crowd announcing that they, in fact, are not a ska band. That was not what this crowd wanted to hear. The general response was: Great. What the hell are you? They played about ten songs, and by the time they finished, the crowd had yelled obscenities and made fun of them and were glad to get them off the stage.

By this time, there were well over 200 people packed into the small venue awaiting DHC's entrance. They started off with their popular "My Problem" from their first album. The girls sang strong, as they always do, and the boys played well, though less animated than the girls. And despite the absence of the powerful brass section, which I'd always thought made the Dance Hall Crashers, they kept the sound strong and the rhythm even.

They played about as many new songs as old ones. Half of the crowd danced while everyone else conversed around the tables. There were the usual skankers, but the people here skank in their own fashion, and only a few boys had it down. They played for about one hour before the crowd dispersed.

The upbeat and catchy tunes prevalent in their first album aren't as evident in the new songs, which is most likely due to the lack of the excellent brass. Nevertheless, it was a pleasing show. If you've ever gone to one of the old DHC shows, you might agree that the "revised" sound found on their new album is lacking, but the girls' rapport and unique voices have not changed they are good at what they do, and hopefully, they will never sacrifice any more of their sound. *by Nancey Lilenuist*

Video Safari

Well, here we are again ladies and gentlemen - The Classic Cinema Column! Kinda makes you wish you were Clark Gable doesn't it? Or Cary Grant or Henry Fonda. (Of course, if you were any of those iconic individuals you'd be dead.) Its a happy time.

Today we will be talking about a film that, outside of maybe "Inherit the Wind" with Spencer Tracy, is in my opinion the Courtroom Drama to end all...well you know. "Witness For The Prosecution" was released by United Artists in 1957. It is fantastic. Period.

Directed by Billy Wilder, it stars Charles Laughton, Marlene Dietrich, and Tyrone Power as the "innocent man trying to clear his name." Charles Laughton is the attorney convinced of the innocence of his client who gives everything in himself for the case, and Marlene Dietrich plays Tyrone Powers' wife who becomes a "witness for the prosecution," hence the title.

Laughton is recovering from a coma and resenting that he has to take it easy. His annoying at-home nurse doesn't help his mood. On his first day back home, an old law colleague comes to see him to tell him about an interesting case...Tyrone Powers is accused of murdering an old lady. Everything points to him, except he swears he didn't do it. After meeting Powers, Laughton decides he believes him and (mostly it seems to annoy his nurse) takes the case. Getting under way, Laughton is surprised at the outset at the ambiguous and genuinely uninterested attitude of Powers' wife and he decides not to list her as a Defense witness. It is with considerable chagrin that he discovers that as a consequence the Prosecution calls her to the stand.

"Witness For The Prosecution" abounds with intrigue, suspense, and a plot twist so fascinating that the studio, in a speech during the end credits, asks the audience not to talk about it to their friends. Let me tell you, my jaw was dropped. If you love a good crime story but have been turned off to courtroom dramas by the O.J. trial, go see this flick. It will rekindle your flame. Enjoy!

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The F Word (feminism)

“Women are to be mindful of Satan’s efforts to thwart the Lord’s plan in the home. Satan’s influence is felt when women feel justified in usurping the priesthood authority in their homes and when women begin to feel dissatisfied with their divinely appointed role at home.” This quote comes not from a 1960’s Relief Society manual, but from the current

Sunday School manual I teach from each week. It is hard for me to reconcile comments like these with my own experience in the church—they simply do not seem to match. Since my conversion and baptism, I have felt nothing but love and encouragement from male leaders in the church. My bishops, seminary teachers, and home teachers continually expressed interest and expended energy to bring about my personal development. I never felt oppressed, controlled, or treated unfairly.

It wasn’t until I came to BYU that I realized that my experience was not necessarily the “norm.” I encountered women who did feel oppressed, who did feel silenced, and who had been hurt. I encountered male students who openly expressed their opinions about a “woman’s place,” and even more disturbing...females who backed them up. But did I want to call myself a feminist? What is an LDS feminist anyway? I wanted to define it, to buy a package that has all of the parts and detailed instructions about how to put them together.

My quest to define the “LDS Feminist” took me to speak with two professors, Susan Howe of the English Department and Joseph Straubhaar of the Communications department. These interviews opened my eyes to a host of issues and ideas that I had never before considered. Most importantly, I discovered that being a LDS feminist does not mean that I have to frequent the checkerboard quad with a megaphone and proclaim that all women should have the Priesthood. Being an LDS feminist is about being me.

Both Howe and Straubhaar commented on the “polarizing” effect that the word “feminism” seems to have on people, especially within the church. Both sides fail to listen and communicate. Those who support the ideas of feminism group together, and those who oppose it group together...they talk amongst themselves, but they don’t talk to each other. This polarization only fosters misconceptions.

We often see the words “Priesthood” and “power” placed next to each other, but that does not mean the two terms are synonymous.

Dr. Howe commented that when she hears that someone is opposed to feminism, she immediately and perhaps falsely stereotypes that person as one who intentionally tries to silence and control women. She realizes this is an unfair assumption, rooted in a defense mechanism to protect her beliefs. On the other side of the issue, those opposed to feminism conjure up equally inaccurate images of bra-burning lesbians when they imagine the typical “feminist.” The Utah County Journal, for example, published an extremely degrading cartoon about Voice’s “Take Back the Night Demonstration,” a project against violence to women. Surely, the paper did not intend to place itself in opposition to preventing violence to women, but by publishing this cartoon, that is the message they sent. The only logical explanation is that the Utah Country Journal did not really try to understand the purpose of Take Back the Night, but formulated the cartoon based on predisposed stereotypes. In short, they failed to listen. Clearly, both sides are guilty of pre-judging and stereotyping, but both sides are not working to lessen such misunderstanding. The first step in finding a place to fit in to feminism is acknowledging and examining our own stereotypes, as Howe and Straubhaar have done. Only after we see our failure to communicate, can we begin to communicate.

Dr. Howe also pointed out that there is a range of feminism both inside and outside of Mormon culture. To support the ideals of feminism, you don’t need to accept extremist feminist positions such as the complete separation of women from men. The most important aspect of feminism is the simple and fundamental truth that men and women should have equal opportunity for progression in this lifetime. Few Mormons would disagree with that notion, and yet the idea of feminism seems to spark endless controversy. If just one of the “parts” seems incompatible with the gospel, the entire idea of feminism is rejected.

LDS theology asserts that men and women have the capability to live in an eternal relationship as gods, but sometimes we overlook the implications of that doctrine for the here and now. Straubhaar noted that if we are committed to the idea of eternal companionship, men will encourage women to develop all aspects of their being. Along those same lines, Howe expressed her love for the plan of salvation which ensures our potential to be exalted like our Father and Mother in heaven. The reason we know so little about our mother in heaven, she suggests, is perhaps our own fault. If we were actively seeking and praying for new revelation about her, we might receive more information and have a greater understanding about the nature of divine relationships between men and women.

One aspect of the church that truly stands out among other Christian churches is the opportunity that women have to be teachers and leaders. Women preach from our pulpits in sacrament meetings and teach gospel doctrine classes to both sexes. Women serve full-time missions and train new missionaries in the MTC. The Relief Society is the oldest women’s organization in the country and is internationally recognized for its efforts and success. In theory, our gospel and church practices seem quite radical.

Even so, while the female voice is heard and spread throughout our chapels and classrooms, it is often silenced as well. While women frequently hold “leadership” positions in the church, they rarely hold decision-making positions. Dr. Howe shared her conversation with a BYU bishop about the problems he encountered as he counseled newlywed couples on campus. He expressed his frequent difficulty in getting men to understand that they shouldn’t make family decisions alone, but that they must take into consideration what their wives want and decide as a couple. Many of these men did not realize that they cannot make decisions alone simply because they are men. This problem stems from a common misunderstanding of the role of the Priesthood. We often see the words “Priesthood” and “power” placed next to each other, but that does not mean the two terms are synonymous. Indeed, the Priesthood is a power, but it does not entitle men to make decisions independent of their wives, nor should it entitle church leaders to make decisions concerning the body of the church without input and ideas from women. The purpose of the Priesthood is not to exercise power, but to provide service and guidance for all of God’s children, both men and women. The priesthood exists to make us dependent on each other, not to give men more power. Section 132 of

the D&C makes this point crystal clear.

Here at BYU, we see so many reactions and opinions expressed about feminism, it is difficult to know where to stand. Both Dr. Howe and Straubhaar felt they had been treated very well by the University, especially by their colleagues. Professor Straubhaar has a particularly unique perspective, as both he and his wife are new to BYU as of last year. His decision to leave a teaching position at Michigan State University and come to BYU was based upon his wife’s career in academia. BYU provided a greater opportunity in her field of Scandinavian Literature, but less somewhat less opportunity in his field of Communications since, for example, BYU has no Ph.D. students in Comms to work with. Their joint decision to leave MSU was based on a feminist ideal of allowing his wife to have an equal opportunity to advance and excel in her chosen field. Dr. Straubhaar remarked that the University has been extremely supportive to him and his wife as a couple in academia. He also believes the Administration recognizes the need for more women faculty, and is actively seeking to recruit more female scholars.

Unfortunately, the University does not seem to be adequately encouraging women to seek or even complete higher education degrees, (perhaps a factor in why it is difficult to find female scholars to join the faculty). The graduation rate of females at BYU remains shockingly low. Twenty years ago, only one in four females who entered BYU actually graduated, and today still less than fifty percent complete a bachelor’s degree. Both Howe and Strabahaur shared their delight at seeing so many more married women and mothers persist in their studies to complete their degree. Howe stated, “It is a false dilemma to tell women that they can have either a career or a family. They can actually have both. But it is true that different things will be required of the husband in the family for women to be able to develop their whole being.” Straubhaar and his wife noticed the “great baby hand-off” on campus—an encouraging symbol of shared responsibility between husband and wife as they trade baby-sitting to permit each parent to attend class..

When it comes to graduate studies, Dr. Howe confirmed my feeling that women are selectively encouraged to seek advanced degrees, where male students are more consistently supported in their desire to continue their education. Such selective treatment hardly seems compatible with the doctrine of eternal progression and intelligence we hold so firmly to. If the University believes that the glory of God is intelligence, then men and women should be equally motivated to obtain it through the same mediums.

Although much commendable progress has been made, the University still has a long way to go. Measuring our progress can be dangerous if it leads us to “settle” for less. Personal progression in this life requires a constant re-evaluation of our spirituality by examining our attitudes and behaviors and how they compare to the ideals of the gospel. The University should also be involved in a constant self-examination in order to help the students achieve their full potential.

While Howe and Straubhaar have received relatively benign treatment from the University, there are many who have not. I remain baffled as to why the University would not approve Laurel Thatcher Ulrich as the keynote speaker at Women’s Conference, and then would not offer an explanation as to why she was rejected. Just the year before, the University has welcomed this highly recognized scholar to that campus, and she packed the seats at he Pardoe theater. Ulrich received the Pulitzer Prize for her revolutionary study A Midwife’s Tale: The Life of Martha Ballard, which demonstrates that inaccuracy pf political, social, economic, and medical history that has failed to account for women’s experience. She also received a \$325,000 MacArthur “genius” grant and this fall became the first woman to be hired at Harvard University at the rank of full professor. But more importantly, she herself has never been able to learn why she was denied clearance to speak at the BYU Women’s Conference.

In one department on campus, two female candidates were denied jobs at BYU even though they were approved for hire by the department faculty, the chair, and the dean, and had complete support from their ecclesiastical leaders. This gesture insults the department and the students, and is a disservice to the University overall. While other Universities have been offering a Women’s Studies major for years, BYU has only recently adopted a Women’s Studies minor. These unexplained gestures and policies of the University affect our atmosphere and work against women both subtly and sometimes overtly.

I, too, am guilty of the “stereotyping” syndrome. I occasionally imagine this “administration” to be a group of fanatics who wake up each morning, work out on stairmasters to “Afterglow” music, and think of ways to intentionally oppress women at BYU. I know that this is not an accurate profile, and deep down, I think that most of our administrators believe they have our best interests at heart. The problem seems to be that what they think our best interests are and what I think our best interests are, don’t always match up. Again, this problem could be solved by more communication between not just feminists and non-feminists, but between administration and faculty, and administration and students.

The more I study and examine my views about feminism, the more I realize that I have many unfair and unhealthy expectations of men. These issues are also a part of my feminism, which may be better described as gender criticism. I am continually shocked as I learn that men, too, are not completely happy with their gender roles and also seek for change. As we strive to understand and expand the issue of feminism more, I believe that “God’s University” should and will be a place where feminism is not the F-word. by Shannon Keeley

Sunflower Sands

River of sand shifting
In the evening winds.
A ring-tailed bobcat peers
At me from beside
The driftwood pinion pine and pads
Across the dunes
Around the single sunflower

—K. T. Whitworth

Is God Good?

RELIGION

Recently, a topic piqued my interest and involved me in a discussion of the nature of both God and the Good. Essentially, the question is are they different, and if so, which precedes which. The theory in question is termed divine command theory. Although I am not very literate in the specifics of the subject itself and its history, I think I have come to an understanding that warrants a discussion of God's nature.

From what I understand, divine command theory (DCT) names God as the ultimate source of the Good, rather than a mediator or second-hand messenger of it. God is the Good. He cannot separate himself from that nature anymore than water cannot be wet. Thus, the Good is entirely defined by the commands that God gives. His commands are, by definition, good.

In orthodox Christianity, this is easily justifiable. God is an atemporal, aspatial being which is both omnipotent and omniscient. He is alpha and omega, the beginning and the end. To say that God is dependent on an external source of moral guidance would compromise God's omnipotence and presumed nature as origin of all that is.

However, Mormonism is uniquely poised to swim against the tide of Christianity because it is not strictly a monotheistic religion. Since we believe our God to have once been a man like us, he may not be the beginning and the end in an absolute sense, but rather our beginning and end. He was once under the command of his God. Because of this, DCT may not only be unnecessary, but somewhat undesirable.

It is undesirable because the implications of DCT offend our rational sensibilities. For example, it is imaginable that God, if he was not subject to an external source for the Good, could command the most irrational, malicious acts. Certainly, no modern Christian wants God to command rape or random violence. In fact, we as Mormons hold to the idea that God would cease to be God if he did so. We fear the possibility that God could do what we consider evil — that there may not be any foundation, any ultimate morality that God must abide by.

But this all assumes that there is either an ultimate, absolute set of laws — a moral center — or that there is not. It assumes that there is no middle ground that is beyond both nihilism and absolute morality. Let me try to give one counter-example to both.

Imagine that God has a project, the Plan of Salvation. It may be his only project or he may have others on other worlds; it is unimportant which. We are given guides, touchstones, for this project, this morality, which we call the light of Christ, the scriptures, and revelation. These touchstones become a part of our culture, a part of our language, and a part of our very thinking. In essence, we are unable to think in ways entirely outside of the Plan of Salvation and the morality that it prescribes. Just like a savage from Borneo is unable to fully understand our world in the mechanistic terms that our scientific culture has come to make sense of things, and a scientist is unable to fully understand the world of the savage in the supernatural terms with which he makes sense of things, we, as those sent here by God into the Plan of Salvation, are unable to fully understand morality outside of God's project.

So when one says that by reason he has concluded that killing is wrong, it is reason supplied and housed by the Plan of Salvation. Likewise, when one says that his moral intuitions tell him that theft is wrong, it is intuition always already supplied by the Plan of Salvation.

In the same way we come to an understanding of morality, God once did so as well. He was once a man, a mortal, trying to fulfill the plan of his God. His way of thinking was formed and worked out within an understanding similar to the way we work out ours. This understanding was both his limit and his base for knowledge.

The question then, is whether God, once he became a god, was illuminated and enlightened to the fullness of Moral Law (if there is such a thing). This may be a question that cannot ultimately be answered in this mortal life. However, I believe that we have some reason to believe that God is still working within the framework that allowed him to become God.

For example, God seems to react according to our actions, and command, almost pragmatically, according to what action may be needed at a certain time to help us on the way to fulfilling the Plan of Salvation. If he was bound by an external fixed morality, then laws would be strict and fixed. Yet they are not. Therefore, it is questionable that there is an external morality.

In other words, there may be no external moral code by which God is commanding, but rather he creates commandments according to what works best under the circumstances. Because of our agency, this cannot be a static set of laws. A static set of laws would only work for beings that react mechanistically, that do not have freedom. We would have to be limited beings of which God knew all of our potential thoughts, actions, and creations. We would have to be like fish in a bowl, free to roam to the edges, but never free in a way that could surprise God. That is not to say we are not limited. We clearly are. But we are limited in a way that contains hidden possibilities — maybe even hidden to God. If he could account for all our choices, then he could set fixed laws to anticipate our choices. However, he doesn't. And if he knew all our possibilities, there would be no purpose in coming to earth, because God would already know what type of person we are. There would be no test, no agency here on earth, and no

equal chance for all to be saved by Christ's atonement.

The Good, which now becomes a collective set of goods, must be defined by what God commands in order to find what best helps us as free beings. Even if this means that God commands wanton violence in order to humble us, this may be the best possible action under the circumstances and does not break any greater, external moral code.

This does not mean that God is limitlessly free to command at will. To do so, he would have to discard his way of making sense of things, his sense of right and wrong, his sense of what is best. God can never fully throw away or revolutionize his way of making sense of things, his morality, any more than the scientist can or the savage can. He needs that framework so that things do make sense. If he threw it entirely away, he would cease to be God and have to start over, like a baby without an organized thought.

Furthermore, there is reason to believe in this way of understanding morality besides just that it fits into LDS theology. To not believe in DCT and to say that God is not the ultimate source of morality puts arrogance on the part of humanity. It gives reason to put aside faith in God's commandments (or messengers of these commandments) unless they jibe with our intuitions and logic about right and wrong. So if something offends our sensibilities (sensibilities that are arguably a function of our culture), we can rationalize that it is not of God. "For God is subject to laws," we say, "laws we can know by reason or intuition," and so any commandment that doesn't meet the standards of our reason or "universal intuitions" must not be of God. But we find God's commandments in opposition to our reason and intuitions all the time. Under God's direction, the Israelites viciously took the land of the Canaanites. God commanded Nephi to slay Laban. Joseph Smith instituted polygamy. And blacks were not allowed to have the priesthood until nearly 150 years after the restoration. Was God breaking an external moral code? Are these actions eternal goods, and therefore he is now breaking external codes by not having us act in these ways? Or, could it be, that God does the best he can with what he has — us — and does not follow any imperatives founded before the birth of the Gods?

by Joseph Christopher

top twenty

- Christmas in Norway
- Cecil
- Cat Suits
- Swaziland
- Homer's Tummy Tuck
- Latex
- The 8th Deadly Sin
- New CD's
- Old Records
- Tom Stoppard
- The Coming of Winter
- Cheese Balls
- MacFrugals Ready-Made Christmas Trees
- Merrill Bateman
- Life
- "For Crying Out Loud"
- Papers Finished On Time
- Being "Hurled Pell Mell" Into a Fabulous Life of Luxury by Ed McMahon and Dick Clarke
- Outdoor Showers
- Smashing Pumpkin's Double

bottom ten

- Long Taco Bell Express Lines
- MTV
- Roseanne's Jerry Garcia Tribute
- Rex Lee Leaving
- Rabin's Assassination
- Post modernism
- End of Lenito's 2 for 1 coupon
- Spending Thanksgiving alone
- Crowded bathrooms
- Getting Electrocuted

THE BACKSIDE AIR:



NO1 BY KIDS



NO2 BY GROUNDSWELL

Snowboards, bindings, boots, clothes, kids. Groundswell . 157 N. University Avenue 377.1475 Ask for Travis, Bryan, Enoch, or Jared

CALENDAR

movies

VARSITY 1: NOV 3-9: The Net; NOV 10-16: First Knight

VARSITY 2: NOV 3-6: Speechless · Late Night: Dirty Rotten Scoundrels

INTERNATIONAL CINEMA: NOV 7-11: The Postman, Death of a Salesman NOV 14-18: Othello, Life on a String

TOWER THEATRE · NOV 3-8: Nadja, Amateur; NOV 9-16: Warren Miller's Endless Winter, Ballot Measure #9, Nadja; NOV 17-23: Two Girls in Love, Living in Oblivion, Warren Miller's Endless Winter, Shallow Grave.

If you want to know what's playing at the other theaters, drive by them yourselves, I'm out of gas money this week.

events sophisticated

SALT LAKE ARTS CENTER—November 14–January 4: **Ceramics Invitational** (Upstairs Gallery), **Ansel Adams** (Main Gallery); GALLERY 56—November 17–December 31: **Group Show**; PHILLIPS GALLERY—November 3–January 6: **Holiday Exhibit**; PIONEER THEATRE COMPANY—November 1–18: **"The Crucifer of Blood"**; BYU THEATRE—November 8–25: **"Absent Friends"** (Margetts Theatre); November 15–December 2: **"To Kill A Mockingbird"** (Pardoe Theatre).

live music—this should keep you busy for a little bit.

NOV 7 Rocket from the Crypt/Welsey Willis Fiasco/Fireworks @ DV8; Below Sound/50 Paces @ Cinema Bar; Agnes Poetry/Sugarhouse @ Club Bricks; Jabbari Style @ Dead Goat; Hypnotist Shawn Fetters @ Mama's Cafe (ok—there could be music).

NOV 8 Dwindle/Eye TV @ Cinema Bar; Back Alley Blues Band @ Green Street; Tail Gatorz @ Ashbury Pub; The Strangers @ Dead Goat; Iceburn @ The Station.

NOV 9 Sugarhouse/Headshake @ Green Parrot; Flat Duo Jets/Red Aunts/ Pijamas Degato @ Cinema Bar; Menageries/So Wut @ Gray Moose; Ren Wolf @ Ciseros; The Strangers @ Dead Goat; Lloyd Cole @ Zephyr; Flakey Jane @ Salt City Cafe; Tenth Mountain @ Ashbury Pub; Cheryl Wheeler @ Mama's Cafe.

NOV 10 Thinking Fellers Union 282/Sea of Jones @ cinema Bar; chris Hiatt/ Cold Shot @ Gray Moose; Fat Paw @ Ashbury Pub; Papa Kega @ Salt City Cafe; Garage Party (7 bands) @ Bar & Grill; Courage Brothers @ Zephyr; Riverbed Jed @ Green Guinea.

NOV 11 Sweet Loretta/Sirens @ Cinema Bar; Dr. Bob @ Green Parrot; Foreskin 500/Atomic Boy/Bohemia @ Bar & Grill; Swing Annie @ Gray Moose; Jesus Rides a Rickshaw @ Green Guinea; Mr. Jones/Previous @ Dead Goat; Courage Brothers (yes, again) @ Zephyr; Blanche @ Ashbury Pub; Gram Negative Rods @ Green Street; Harry Connick, Jr. @ U of U Ballroom; Corey @ Mama's Cafe.

NOV 12 No Doubt/Stretsch Armstrong @ DV8; Mindy Wimmer @ Green Street; Catfish @ Zephyr.

NOV 13 Electrafixion/Echobelly/The Dandy Warhols @ DV8; Box the Walls @ Zephyr/ Little Mike & the Tornadoes @ The Dead Goat; Brook McCloud @ The Pie; The Shriners @ The Pie.

NOV 14 Texas is the Reason/Shift/Go Head Silos/Stella Brass/Two Minutes Hate @ DV8 Basement; Brook McCloud @ The Pie; Marmalade Hill @ Club Bricks; Muralyi Ceryell @ Dead Goat; John Hiatt/Bone Pony @ Zephyr; Rex & Kevin @ Ashbury Pub.

NOV 15 Aaron Jones @ Green Parrot; Zach Lee @ Cinema Bar; Back Alley Blues Band @ Green Street; Blue Wood Moon @ Ashbury Pub; Legendary Pink Dots @ Zephyr; Sun masons @ Dead Goat; Dirge Trio @ Station; Taylor Summit Band @ Mama's Cafe.

NOV 16 Jesus Rides a Rickshaw @ Gray Moose; Porta Shrine @ Cinema Bar; Alien Opera/ Wet Ones @ Green Guinea; Highwater Pants @ Ciseros; The Pinch @ Dead Goat; Lowen & Navarro @ Zephyr; Pagan Love Gods @ Salt City Cafe; Juniors Farm @ Ashbury Pub; Silent Passage @ Mama's Cafe.

NOV 17 Trial/Stella Brass/Trip Hammer/Veteran's Grove/ Lifeless @ DV8 Basement; Tenth Mountain @ Green Parrot; Zion Tribe @ Gray Moose; Idiot Flash/Either @ Cinema Bar; Ray Band @ Green Street; Sun Masons @ Ashbury Pub; Flower Patch @ Salt City Cafe; Backwash @ Zephyr; Commander Cody @ Dead Goat; Michael Waterman @ Mama's Cafe.

NOV 18 Tenth Mountain @ Green Parrot; Rusty/Headshake @ Bar & Grill; Sidewalk Religion @ Gray Moose; Glenn Mont Pope/American Mojo @ Cinema Bar; Dr. Bob @ Ciseros; Megan Peters in Group Therapy @ Dead Goat; Salsa Brava @ Zephyr; Jerry Joseph @ Ashbury Pub; Ray Band @ Green Street; Doug Stone @ Golden Spike Arena.

NOV 19 Reef/Godplov/Pijamas De Gato @ Cinema Bar; 1000 Mona Lisas @ Zephyr.

NOV 20 Red Sugar/Richie and the Rednecks @ Cinema Bar; Bhria Bender @ The Pie; Alanis Morissette/The Rentals @ Fairpark Coliseum; Gary Brown/Blue Devils @ Dead Goat; Jack-O-Pierse @ Zephyr; J Ramsey @ Salt City Cafe.

NOV 21 King Trance @ Cinema Bar; Roger Lambson quartet @ Green Street; Semi-Sweet Loretta @ Ashbury Pub; Mudpuddle @ Dead Goat; The Pinch @ Club Bricks; Chris Bender @ The Pie; Dutch Herring @ Mama's Cafe.

miscellany

Imperial Tombs of China is still running at Brigham Young. There's a food and wine festival called the **Nouveau Beaujolais Festival** at Deer Valley on November 19—Call Kris at 645-6640. Mistress **Kassandra Kane** will host a special presentation of the **Psychology of Domination**, November 9 at 7PM for \$5 at the Utah Stonewall Center (770 S 300 W). Let's see, for the outdoor enthusiast, REI has a couple of classes in these next weeks—November 14 at 7PM: **Sea Kayaking Belize** & on November 21 at 7PM: **Cross-Country Skiing Basics**. Remember to save your money for my birthday present; I'll be 21 on November 28. Thanks. Here's some phone numbers for your own personal enjoyment: DV8-539-8400; Utah Film & Video Center-534-1158; Tower Theatre 297-4040, and me, if you have any info-377-9192 (ask for Melanie).

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